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The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

——*Sapientia prima eſt*
Stultitia caruiſſe—— Hor.

From *Tueſday May* 16. to *Thurſday May* 18. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 17.

WHEN I firſt began to learn to puſh this laſt Winter, my Maſter had a great deal of Work upon his Hands to make me unlearn the Poſtures and Motions which I had got by having in my younger Years practiſed Back-Sword, with a little Eye to the Single Falchion. Knock down was the Word in the Civil Wars, and we generally added to this Skill the Knowledge of the *Corniſh* Hug, as well as the Grapple, to play with Hand and Foot. By this Means, I was for defending my Head when the *French* Gentleman was making a full Paſs at my Boſom, inſomuch that he told me I was fairly killed ſeven Times in one Morning, without having done my Maſter any other Miſchief than one Knock on the Pate. This was a great Misfortune to me, and I believe I may ſay without Vanity, I am the firſt who ever puſhed ſo erroneouſly, and yet conquered the Prejudice of Education ſo well, as to make my Paſſes ſo clear, and recover Hand and Foot with that Agility as I do at this Day. The Truth of it is, the firſt Rudiments of Education are given very indiſcreetly by moſt Parents, as much with Relation to the more important Concerns of the Mind, as in the Geſtures of the Body. Whatever Children are deſigned for, and whatever Proſpects the Fortune or Intereſt of their Parents may give them in their future Lives, they are all promiſcuouſly inſtructed the ſame Way; and *Horace* and *Virgil* muſt be thrummed by a Boy, as well before he goes to an Apprenticeſhip as the Univerſity. This ridiculous Way of treating the Under-aged of this Iſland has very often raiſed both my Spleen and Mirth, but I think, never ſo much both at once as to Day. A good Mother of our Neighbourhood made me a Viſit with her Son and Heir, a Lad ſomewhat above Five Foot, and wants but little of the Height and Strength of a good Muſquetier in any Regiment in the Service. Her Buſineſs was to deſire I would examine him, for he was far gone in a Book, the firſt Letters of which ſhe often ſaw in my Papers. The Youth produced it, and I found it was my Friend *Horace*. It was very eaſy to turn to the Place the Boy was learning in, which was the Fifth Ode of the Firſt Book to *Pyrrha*. I read it over aloud, as well becauſe I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful Parts of that Author, as alſo to gain Time for conſidering a little how to keep up the Mother's Pleaſure in her Child, which I thought Barbarity to interrupt. In the firſt Place, I aſked him, Who this ſame *Pyrrha* was? He anſwered very readily, She was the Wife of *Pyrrhus*, one of *Alexander*'s Captains. I lifted up my Hands. The Mother curteſies--- Nay, ſays ſhe,--- I knew you would ſtand in Admiration--- I aſſure you, continued ſhe, for all he looks ſo tall, he is but very young: Pray aſk him ſome more, never ſpare him. With that I took the Liberty to aſk him, What was the Character of this Gentlewoman? He read the Three Firſt Verſes.

Quis multâ gracilis te Puer in Roſâ
Perſuſus liquidis urget Odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub Antro?

And very gravely told me, She lived at the Sign of the *Roſe*, in a Cellar. I took Care to be very much aſtoniſhed at the Lad's Improvements; but withal adviſed her, as ſoon as poſſible, to take him from School, for he could learn no more there. This very ſilly Dialogue was a lively Image of the impertinent Method uſed in Breeding Boys without Genius or Spirit, to the Reading Things for which their Heads were never framed. But this is the natural Effect of a certain Vanity in the Minds of Parents, who are wonderfully delighted with the Thought of Breeding their Children to Accompliſhments, which they believe nothing but Want of the ſame Care in their own Fathers prevented them from being Maſters of. Thus it is, that the Part of Life moſt fit for Improvement, is generally employed in a Method againſt the Bent of Nature; and a Lad of ſuch Parts as are fit for an Occupation where there can be no Calls out of the beaten Path, is Two or Three Years of his Time wholly taken up in knowing how well *Ovid*'s Miſtreſs became ſuch a Dreſs, how ſuch a Nymph for her Cruelty was changed into ſuch an Animal, and how it is made generous in *Æneas* to put *Turnus* to Death; Gallantries that can no more come within the Occurrences of the Lives of ordinary Men, than they can be re-

reliſhed by their Imaginations. However, ſtill the Humour goes on from one Generation to another; and the Paſtry-Cook here in the Lane the other Night told me, he would not yet take away his Son from his Learning, but has reſolved, as ſoon as he had a little Smattering in the *Greek*, to put him Apprentice to a Soap-boyler. Theſe wrong Beginnings determine our Succeſs in the World; and when our Thoughts are originally falſely biaſſed, their Agility and Force do but carry us the further out of our Way in Proportion to our Speed. But we are half Way our Journey, when we have got into the right Road. If all our Days were uſefully employed, and we did not ſet out impertinently, we ſhould not have ſo many Groteſque Profeſſors in all the Arts of Life, but every Man would be in a proper and becoming Method of diſtinguiſhing or entertaining himſelf ſuitably to what Nature deſigned him. As they go on now, our Parents do not only force us upon what is againſt our Talents, but our Teachers are alſo as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever ſince ſuffered ſo much by the Charms of any Beauty, as I did before I had a Senſe of Paſſion, for not apprehending, that the Smile of *Lelage* was what pleaſed *Horace*; and I verily believe, the Stripes I ſuffered about *Digito male pertinaci* has given that irreconcilable Averſion which I ſhall carry to my Grave againſt Coquets.

As for the elegant Writer of whom I am talking, his Excellencies are to be obſerved as they relate to the different Concerns of his Life; and he is always to be looked upon as a Lover, a Courtier, or a Man of Wit. His admirable Odes have numberleſs Inſtances of his Merit in each of theſe Characters. His Epiſtles and Satyrs are full of proper Notices for the Conduct of Life in a Court; and what we call good Breeding, moſt agreeably intermixed with his Morality. His Addreſſes to the Perſons who favoured him, are ſo inimitably engaging, that *Auguſtus* complained of him for ſo ſeldom writing to him, and asked him, Whether he was afraid Poſterity ſhould read their Names together. Now for the Generality of Men to ſpend much Time in ſuch Writings, is as pleaſant a Folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the Crowd of Scholars may pretend, if their Way of Life, or their own Imaginations, do not lead them to a Taſt of him, they may read, nay write Fifty Volumes upon him, and be juſt as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great Painter ſay, There are certain Faces for certain Painters, as well as certain Subjects for certain Poets. This is as true in the Choice of Studies; and no one will ever reliſh an Author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit Company for that Author had they lived at the ſame Time. All others are Mechanicks in Learning, and take the Sentiments of Writers like waiting Servants, who report what paſſed at their Maſter's Table, but debaſe every Thought and Expreſſion for Want of the Air with which they were uttered.

Advertiſements.

*** Mr. Howel's Synopſis Canonum Eccleſiæ Latinæ, &c. quibus acceſſerunt Annotationes quædam ſuppletoriæ, in Synopſin Canonum Eccleſiæ Græcæ nuper editam, is now finiſhed, and ready to be delivered to Subſcribers, who are deſired to pay their Second Payment, and receive their Books, of W. Bowyer, Printer, in White Friars.

*** Juſt publiſhed, Memoirs relating to the Impeachment of Thomas Earl of Danby, (now Duke of Leeds) in the Year 1678. Wherein ſome Affairs of thoſe Times are repreſented in a fuller Light than has hitherto appeared. With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings in Parliament, Original Papers, Speeches, &c. Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, and J. Woodward in St. Chriſtopher's Church-yard, Threadneedle-ſtreet. Pr. 4 s.

FOR Sale by the Candle, to Morrow, being the 19th Inſtant, at Loyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at Six a Clock in the Afternoon (only one Cask in a Lot) 50 Butts of new excellent Bene-Carlos (Red) Barcelona Wine, very deep, bright, and ſtrong, neat, entire and not one Butt ſold out. Landed the 16th Inſtant, now in Cellars on Gally-Key, (fronting the Thames) between the Cuſtom-houſe and Tower-dock. The aforeſaid Wines are to be ſeen all this Day, and all to Morrow, till the Hour of Sale. Catalogues to be had at the Place of Sale, &c. To be ſold by T. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched Fryars.

*** A Defence of Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance to Supream and Sovereign Powers: In which is ſhewn, That the Doctrine of Paſſive-Obedience or Non-Reſiſtance, in its True Notion, is agreeable both to the Laws of Chriſt and this Realm; and conſequently is not to be Ridiculed, or Condemned, but to be Defended, and preached, by its Miniſters. By Charles Palmer, M. A. and Vicar of Towceſter. Printed for J. Ward, in the Inner-Temple-Lane, and ſold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

*** Old Rome and London compared; the Firſt in its full Glory, and the Laſt in its preſent State. By which it plainly appears, that Lipſius and Voſſius are egregiouſly miſtaken in their Over-ſtretched, Fuſſom, and Hyperbolical Account of Old Rome: And that London, as it is at preſent, exceeds it much in its Extent, Populouſneſs, and many other Advantages. The Second Edition. To which is added, A Compariſon between the Beauties, &c. of Old Rome and London. By a Perſon of Quality. Printed for J. Harding at the Anchor and Bible at the upper End of St. Martin's lane in the Fields. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. bound 1 s. ſtich'd.

†‡† There is juſt publiſhed, The Force of Friendſhip. A Play. As it is acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, by Her Majeſty's Servants. To which is added, A Farce, called, Love in a Cheſt, by Mr. Johnſon. Printed for E. Sanger at the Poſt-houſe at the Middle-Temple-gate in Fleet-ſtreet. N. B. Juſt publiſhed, The Lawrel and the Olive. A Poem. By Geo. Stubbs, M. A. Fellow of Exeter-College in Oxon.

*** In a few Days will be publiſhed, The Second Volume of a Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus; in which the Principles and Projects of a late whimſical Book, entituled, The Rights of the Chriſtian Church, &c. are fairly ſtated and anſwered in their Kind; and ſome Attempts made towards the Diſcovery of a new Way of Reaſoning, intirely unknown both to the Antients and Moderns. This Volume compleats the Anſwer to the Rights. Printed for B. Lintott at the Croſs-Keys between the Two Temple Gates in Fleet-ſtreet.

WHoever has taken up a very little white and liver coloured Spaniel Bitch, with very long Ears, her Noſe and Feet ſpotted with White and Liver Spots, having a Silver Collar on, cut thro' with Letter, [Dutcheſs of Beaufort] and ſhall bring her to Mr. Smith's Coffee-houſe in Silver-ſtreet, near Bloomsbury Market, ſhall have 10 s. Reward.

A Second Catalogue of Plate and Rings to be diſpoſed of by way of Lots, at Mrs. Tilman's, Milliner, near the Nag's-Head in Red-Lion-ſtreet, Holborn. 1997 Tickets to be delivered, 12 Blanks to each Prize. The higheſt Prize 10 l. the loweſt 5 s. Tickets to be delivered at the Place aforeſaid, at 12 d. each Ticket, and at Mr. Burberry's, a Potter, at the Queen's-Head without Biſhopſgate; at Mr. Benſon's, Milliner, at the Golden Shuttle in the Old Baily; at Mrs. Mackereth's at the Lock and Key in Smithfield; at Mr. Clifton's at the Dunghill Arcade in King-ſtreet, Weſtminſter; at Mr. Raulins's, Toyſhop in Carthuſian-ſtreet near the Charter-houſe; and at Andrew's Coffee-houſe in Devereux-court near the Temple. To be drawn in Three Weeks, or ſooner if full. Notice ſhall be given in the Tatler and Evening-Poſt.

LOſt from Poland-ſtreet, on Wedneſday the 10th of this Inſtant May, a little Liver Colour and White Spaniel Bitch, with very long Ears, her Head Liver Colour and White, with a Spot of Liver Colour in the middle of the White, her Noſe mottled, her Legs ſhort and mottled, and her Body more White than Liver Colour, a little Lame in her Hip. Whoever brings her to Mr. Howlatt, a Printer, in Silver-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, ſhall have Two Guinea's Reward.

I Ellin. Newcomb, living with my Lady Holt, in Bedford-Row, London, having had the Stone and Cholick for Four Years laſt paſt; and tho' I made Uſe of eminent Advice, and took a great many Medicines, without the leaſt Advantage; I at laſt happily heard of Mr. J. Moore, Apothecary, at the Peſtle and Mortar in Abchurch-lane near Lombard-ſtreet, London; and I have never been troubled with my former Illneſs ſince the taking his Medicines, but continue in perfect Health; and for the Good of the Publick, I deſire this may be publiſhed. Witneſs my Hand, April 14. 1710. Eleanor Newcomb.

THE Famous Cholick Water, well known throughout Great Britain, for its ſpeedy Relief in Caſes of Wind in the Stomach, Wind Cholick, Vapours of both Kinds, Stitches, Pains in the Sides, Vomiting or Looſeneſs, and all other Indiſpoſitions and Weakneſs of Stomach and Bowels, immediately digeſting any Thing that offends; is continued to be ſold (as it hath been theſe 10 Years) at Old Man's Coffee-houſe at Charing-Croſs, Richard's at Temple-Bar, Alice's at the Parliament-Houſe, and at Mr. Clark's, Stationer, in Birchin-lane, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle. 'Tis not purging, but a rich Cordial, pleaſant to take at any Time.